

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Was Shylock a Jew?

Eleven different versions of the pound of flesh story exist in the early literature of Europe, none of which is founded on a historical basis, says one stated by the biographer of Pope Sixtus V.

The original tale runs as follows: Simon Comada, a Jew, enters into a wager with Sechi, a Christian, staking a pound of his flesh against a large sum of money of the Christian. The Jew loses the wager, and Sechi insists on his forfeit. The case is referred to the governor of the city, who, in turn, places it before the pope, who condemns both to lifelong imprisonment, from which they are finally released on the payment of a heavy fine. An Italian, Giovanni Fiorentino, in the sixteenth century, was the first to change the roles of the Jew and Christian, and in this altered form the hand of Avon found the story. The poet himself could scarcely have known any Jews personally, since they were expelled from England 800 years before his time and were not readmitted until after his death. From stage presentations, from descriptions in books or from popular reports, which were always derogatory to the Jewish character, the poet derived his knowledge of the Jew.

—Memorah.

On the Persian shores of the Caspian a plant has been discovered which possesses a splendid fiber, soft and elastic, with a glossy, satin like texture. It is strongly and pliable, and appears to be especially suitable for the manufacture of stockings, ropes and packthread, so that, being very plentiful, it is likely to become a formidable rival to jute. The discoverer has given the plant the name of Kanoff.—New York Journal.

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A Miracle in Missouri.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE FAR MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE MAGIC OF THE EAST.

The Remarkable Experience of Post Master Woodson, of Panama, Mo.—For Ten Years a Cripple—To-day A Well and Hearty Man.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

The people of Rich Hill, Mo., and vicinity, have recently been startled by a seeming miracle of healing. For years one of the best known men in Bates and Vernon counties has been Mark M. Woodson, now postmaster at Panama, Mo., and brother of ex-State Inspector of Mines, C. C. Woodson, of this city. The people of Rich Hill, where he formerly resided, and of the present home, removed almost from the semblance of man, which has painfully bowed its head low to earth and labored snail-like across the walks season after season, and when one day last month it straightened its full height, threw away the heavy burden of cane which for years had been its only support from total helplessness, and walked erect, firmly, unhesitatingly, about the two cities, people looked and wondered. The story of the remarkable case has become the marvel of the two counties. Exactly as Mr. Woodson told it to a Times' reporter, it is here published.

"For ten years I have suffered the torments of the damned and have been a useless invalid; to-day I am a well and hearty man, free from almost every touch of pain. I don't think man ever suffered more acute torments than I have since 1884. The rheumatism started then in my right knee, and after weeks of suffering in bed I was at last relieved sufficiently to arise, but it was only to get about on crutches for five years, the ailment having settled in the joint. Despite constant physicians the rheumatism grew worse, and for the last four years I have been compelled to go about bent half toward the ground. In the winter of 1890-91, after the rheumatism had settled into its most chronic form, I went to Kansas City upon advice of my brother, and for six weeks I was treated in one of the largest and best known dispensaries of that city, but without the slightest improvement. Before I came home I secured a strong galvanic battery, this I used for months with the same result. In August, 1892, I went to St. Louis, and there consulted with the widely known Dr. Mudd of hospital practice fame, and Dr. Kale of the city hospital. None of them would take my case with any hope of affording me more than temporary relief, and so I came home weak, doubled with pain, helpless and despondent.

"About this time my attention was called to the account of a remarkable cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People of locomotor ataxia, rheumatism and paralysis. I ordered some of the pills as an experiment. When I began to take them, the rheumatism had developed into a phase of paralysis, my leg from the thigh down was cold and the time when the pills were gone, and so was the cane. I was able to attend to the duties of my office, to get about as well and strong man. I was free from pain, and I could enjoy a sound and restful night's sleep, something I had not known for ten years. To-day I am practically cured of my terrible and agonizing ailment. No magician of the Far East ever wrought the miracle with his wand that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

To verify the story beyond all question of doubt Mr. Woodson made the following affidavit:

STATE OF MISSOURI,
COUNTY OF BATES,
I, M. M. Woodson, being duly sworn on my oath, state that the following statements are true and correct as I verily believe.
M. M. Woodson.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 34 day of March, 1894.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

Creole and Puritan

A Character Study in Three Parts.

By T. C. De LEON.

PART III.—UNDER SHADOW OF THE SPHINX

Sir Roger in the doorway saw him stagger back against the wall, wide-eyed, a ghastly horror in his face.

At the bedside in an instant, the surgeon raised the rounded wrist. Quickly he stooped and passed his cheek before the lips, then placed his ear to the heart. Tenderly he laid the still hand by her side, and the face he raised to the husband struck him to his knees by that bedside, his strong frame racked by soundless sobs, his white face pressed hard on the cold, still one of the wife he had won—and lost!

No word was spoken; but the old surgeon turned away. His practiced eye caught the writing case, the candle overturned, the bottles. One of these he raised, smelled the chloroform and shook his head.

Then, conscious of the crumpled paper left in his by the stiffened fingers he had held, he opened it and read a few lines. Glancing at the still bowed head, at the calm, peaceful face near it, with infinite pity, Sir Roger moved swiftly to the door and held the paper in the night lamp there.

When it had curled, blazed and shriveled black to cinder still no word was spoken.

Only the breathing of the sleeping maid was heard in that still chamber, whence a woman and her secret had both gone out into the new dawn.

Had her own mocking words been prophecy?

Had her (Edipus come to her?)

And, with the riddle of the ages solved for him, had a later Sphinx found life was bearable no more?

PART III.—CHAPTER IX.

WHAT QUEST BROUGHT.



Full memory had come back now.

A heavy snow drove across Broadway, freezing against the window of the hotel whence Adrien Latour peered anxiously into the late December day that closed the old year.

From Alexandria, where he chanced on steamer day, he had gone direct to Paris. From the military attaché of the United States legation there he learned that Dale Everett had sailed for home soon after the Martinis left for Egypt, but that his arrival at a New York hotel had just appeared in late papers. Latour promptly called there, taking the next Havre steamer; and as her gangplank touched the New York wharf, not waiting "the law's delay" in custom house matters he drove straight to the hotel.

Awaiting him there he found tough old Dr. Minot, an army surgeon known in boyhood's days; and from him learned that his cable had reached Dale too late for answer. He had been ordered home for special duty, and arriving quite sick had insisted on attempting it. Exposure in the dreadful weather had developed typhoid symptoms; and he now lay ill at the hotel.

"Is he dangerously ill?" Adrien asked the doctor, his face white with anxiety.

"How the devil can I say?" the old surgeon answered gruffly. "You might as well ask, 'Do you get killed in battle?' Some day some don't! If he weathers the fifth day from this he'll probably pull through. Come up and help nurse him."

And Latour did nurse him, with the tenderness of a woman, never leaving the bedside save to confer with the lawyer and detective he had promptly put on a search for Bennie Mason. But advertisements for heirs of Beverly Mason were unanswered; and the detective system of New York remained ignorant whether Bennie or her father was in that city or not.

Twice in that weary suspense of five days Dr. Minot had shaken his head ominously on taking his patient's temperature, and Adrien read in his face that Dale would die. But twice the mighty frame and unbroken constitution had wrestled successfully with the grim foe, for it seemed that the strong will which had borne him from boyhood to honors and distinction had decided not to yield the matter it dominated so firmly.

But through the wandering fancies of the fever one had returned again and again—Adrien Latour with infinite pity. Half moon, half entry, would come the words:

"We're old—old friends, Bennie!"

And hearing them the Creole had more than once hid his face in the coverlet and pressed his grim mustache against the wasted hand lying helpless upon it. This was the day of crisis. Outside the snowflakes flew faster and more blinding, pedestrians turned up coat collars about their ears, and the few cab horses left at the stands seemed mutely begging pity and shelter. Inside Dr. Minot nodded comfortably in an easy

chair before the fire, waiting the waking so meaningful; Adrien Latour, at the window, gnawed his mustache in restless thought, mechanically counting the few street lamps now visible through the storm.

Suddenly a movement in the bed, and both watchers started forward to see the longed for sanity in the eyes of Dale Everett feebly turned from one to the other. Gradually memory crept into them, now steadily fixed on Latour; the wasted fingers crept out to his hand, and as the Creole bowed his head over them Dale whispered feebly:

"Letter—came—dear old boy?"

Then, closing his eyes in very weariness of content, he slept softly.

"Will he get well?" Adrien whispered eagerly.

"How the devil can I tell?" again answered old Minot, the time rather huskily and with suspicious moisture in his eyes. And he blew his nose trumpet like before he added, "Watching and tending and he's all right now."

Since the day his appointment as cadet reached him in Paris, Latour had never felt the joy that now thrilled through him. When the doctor left he sat before the glowing coals, dreaming, while the snow fell faster without and darkness crept into the sick room. But he heard nothing save the regular breathing of his sleeping friend, saw nothing but pictures of the long past in the glowing vistas of the sea coal.

Suddenly he felt a light touch on his shoulder.

"Tapped twice, and feared to disturb him," the new comer said, jerking his head toward the sleeper. "How's he getting long?"

"Better. Any luck?" Adrien replied anxiously.

The other motioned him into the parlor and closed the door before he answered, quietly:

"Luck's not in my line, general. Dick Peerman's reputation was made by trusting to something better'n that. No luck."

The speaker was wiry, medium sized, and close shaven. He was dressed in scrupulous black, with natty boots and stiched tan gloves. That he had not removed was clad rimmed, with a broad band of crape. He was an ordinary man, with two extraordinary things about him: one that, coming from the furthest storm, there was no speck of moisture on shiny hat or glossy boots; the other the cool, incisive, meaningless stare of his keen, gray eyes. Yet Capt. Richard Peerman was the sharpest detective Uncle Sam had ever paid for unearthing a paymaster's "little game" in war or "clicking the bracelets" round a felon's wrists in peace.

"So you can find any clue?" Latour asked wearily, but he eagerly seized the card the other extended by way of answer.

"Toughest case I ever worked up on no clue," the detective said placidly. "Tens of thousands of 'em exactly alike in this town. But when Dick Peerman goes for a thief or a woman, either may as well come down."

The Creole read the card over and over by the fitful firelight. Without reply he threw on a heavy army cloak, and whispering the other to wait alone and softly closed the door.

Through howling storm and blinding snow the driver of a chance cab steered Latour over the East Side, where tenements swarm with human vermin, in hand through mazes of their ceaseless carnival. Miles they struggled northward, out of the closer district, to where progress had not yet crowded his victims so closely; then they stopped before a tall, dingy house, and Latour, springing out, ascended the crazy stair and paused at every landing.

At last he halted, a flood of wondering, pitying tenderness sweeping his face as he looked around that cheerless house of poverty.

Twice he raised his hand, twice he paused before he tapped nervously upon the door. The answer came prompt and sharp, but again he caught his breath hard before he ventured to lift the crazy latch.

Over a very small fire, in a clean but almost bare room, sat Miss Tabitha Fay and her brother. She was only a shade more angular, her face less round than of yore; but over the faces of both time and poverty had unmistakably passed their hands.

"Nonsense, Brother Standish! I did hear a rap. Come in!" were the words that carried the visitor back on a flood of memory and pity.

Surprise, greeting and explanation were soon over, and Latour asked anxiously:

"Where is Bennie?"

"She is rather later than usual this evening," Miss Tabitha answered apologetically. "She usually returns by early lamplight."

"Where from?" queried Latour impatiently.

"It is a very long distance," the spinster went on as indirectly as ever, "and the artist photographer detains her at this season."

"And she now, fortunately," Mr. Standish put in, "has been able to secure extra work."

"Work! A night like this! Thank God! I have found her!" Adrien cried in a half groan.

Then, answering at random the spinster's wailing cackle and the many questions of her brother, the Creole paced the room nervously; ever and anon pressing his face against the frosty little pane, or pausing to catch her tread upon the creaking stair.

At last it came. Pinched with cold and covered with snow, Bennie yet ran in cheerily and kissed her father before she saw the visitor.

"Oh! I beg pardon," she said. "I did not know you had a visitor, papa!—You here?"

She drew up in surprise, as he recognized Latour, a dash of old time hauteur over her face. But the expression on his stopped her.

"Bennie, please hear me before you speak," he said, more humbly than he had ever spoken to mortal before. And, hearing, Miss Fay signaled to her brother, strode over, took his arm and marched him from the room.

Bennie stood silent, her eyes dropped, her hands clasped listlessly before her. But eagerly the man went on:

Those blue eyes, once saucy, proud still, raised quietly from the floor met his eager, hungry gaze. The voice was low and sweet, but it never trembled as he answered:

"From my heart I forgive you!"

His arms were around her, the snow dampened head pressed close to his breast.

"Bennie! darling!" he whispered. "I know all! Dale told me your secret!"

"Dale told!"

Quickly she broke from the strong arms; a scarlet flood dyed the face she bent upon the ground.

"Dale told!" she repeated in trembling tones. "How could he?"

"Hush, darling!" he interrupted. "Do not judge him until you know all."

Taking Dale's crumpled letter from his breast he put it in her hands. And Bennie, standing statue still, read it slowly through. But, as she read, the play of deep emotions flickered on her face, then faded out, leaving no sign to the eyes that watched so yearningly.

Then she folded the letter gently, tenderly, and put it in her bosom.

"This letter is mine," she said quietly, but turning her face away.

"Dale's sacrifice for me I guessed before, but some things in it I never dreamed till now. What he has written of me must be mine, until I can put this letter into his own hands again."

Again, as she ceased, the crimson flood swept the pale face; but she met Latour's eyes bravely as she asked:

"Where is Dale now?"

"At the hotel very ill. I have"—

"I must go to him, then," she interrupted calmly, but very pale. "Take me, please."

And again she raised her eyes and looked fearlessly into those of the first man she had ever loved.

When Bennie Mason softly followed Adrien Latour into the sick room Capt. Richard Peerman was immersed in the biography of James Mac, Esq., in the current number of a then famous society journal. He rose, removed his hat, as though that act were greatest concession, and remarked:

"Excuse me, miss, but hanged if you ain't as prompt as Dick Peerman!"

Then, with a voluminous glance at his employer, he discreetly retired and closed the door.

Bennie stood by the bed and looked down thoughtfully and long upon the sleeper. Opposite stood the man who had loved and wronged and, at last, understood her.

Suddenly the sleeper moved restlessly and the ever recurrent words came very gently this time:

"Old, old friends, Bennie!"

Noisily and very tenderly the woman sank upon her knees, the bright masses of her hair shadowing the face bent over Dale's pale hand. But his opening eyes fell full upon his friend's face. Full memory had come back now.

"Dear old boy!" he whispered feebly. "Letter all right. Find Bennie!"

Then he saw the form beside him. Without surprise, without one start his joy went out in one low whisper:

"Bennie!"

The woman did not raise her head, but her hand very gently put out the letter from her bosom.

"Take this back, dear Dyle," she said softly. "Some of it is—true; some must be forgotten."

Feeling stroking the bright hair he answered:

"Yes, all sorrow must be forgotten, now! Give me your hand, dear old Adrien. You have found her!"

Lying there so feebly, the sick soldier tried to join the hands of those two he had loved so loyally, even as he whispered:

"When you are happiest, Bennie, remember you said, we are old, old friends!"

Very pale was the face the woman then raised before both men. Very gentle, but firmly clear, was the voice that bore these words:

"We were old friends, dear Dale. Now with the blessing of God, we will be more than that, forever, 'till death do us part!"

THE END.

Suicide Bridge in Harlem.

The bridge over the Harlem at Third Avenue has always been a favorite spot with suicides, and the men who let boats in that vicinity are never surprised at seeing a "stiff" in the water. The officers on duty are always on the watch for any person in depressed spirits leaning upon the rail. One hot night a large colored woman, carrying a laundry's basket, was observed to drop her burden with a sigh and lean over the railing to gaze intently into the water. The officer on guard watched her closely. She covered her face now and then with her handkerchief, and uttered deep sighs. When she took a light shawl from her shoulders, folded and laid it in her basket the officer thought it was time to interfere. He moved quickly to her side and said: "You ain't thinking of jumpin' in, are you?" The woman turned a heated but jolly face upon him. "Bet yer I ain't," she said. "I'm tryin' to get cooled off, that's all."—New York Press.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

A FRENCHMAN'S LUCK.

Nicholas Buchy Wins \$4,000 in the Honduras National Lottery Drawing.

Nicholas Buchy, a Frenchman, who keeps a wine house and boarders at 261 South Sixth St., is going about his duties with a buoyant heart, and his joy is shared by his faithful wife and five loving children and his many friends generally. Nicholas' happiness is based on the fact that he received a check from the Honduras National Lottery Company (Louisiana State Lottery) for \$4,000 the result of a lucky one dollar investment, which he made recently.

Mr. Buchy was absent from his wine house this morning, but his good wife, a woman of prepossessing appearance, confirmed the news of her husband's great good fortune, and added: "It came just in the nick of time, too, for business has been poor and Nicholas had lost considerable money because of it, and sickness in the family, not to mention the helping hand which he extended to worthy but poor neighbors."

Mr. Buchy is speaking of her husband's fortune smilingly on all around her and did not hesitate to assert that her good man had gotten his money honestly. In this she was entirely correct, as he was not at all a gambler, but a sober, industrious, and successful business man, who has been in the city for many years, and is well known to all who do business with him.

Buchy was born near Strasbourg, Alsace Lorraine, 61 years ago, but came to Philadelphia 31 years ago. For 21 years he has been in the city, and has been a successful business man, managing by diligence and thrift to comfortably support his wife, who has been a constant help to him in his native land, and a growing family.

In addition to providing for his family Buchy, now and then, takes a modest chance, "just to add Dame Fortune" as he told his child better half.

On the occasion of the drawing of June 12 last Buchy was delighted to find that he had won at last.

Buchy has told his friends that his good fortune will not cause him to change his mode of life, and that he will continue to conduct his wine house opposite the square—Philadelphia (Pa.) News, July 11.

There is no sense in lying to people merely because you like them.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they have offered \$10,000 for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Sold by J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

The former never strikes, and hardly ever rides in a Pullman car.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

One box cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using KIRK'S German Pile Ointment. It absorbs the inflammation, cures the hemorrhoids, gives relief. Dr. KIRK'S German Pile Ointment is prepared only for the cure of hemorrhoids, and is sold by all druggists and by mail for \$1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

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are caused by bad blood, and by a run down, worn out condition of the body. Remember

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Be Sure to Get Hood's

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild and effective.

KARL'S GLOVER ROOT CURE FOR PILES

IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEANS THE SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, BRUISES, Eruptions on the skin, BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

ANALGESIC LAXATIVE AND NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per package. Sample free. The Favorite ROOT POWDER FOR THE TEETH AND BLOOD, 25c.

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Cannot Cause any Accident in using it

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SEVERE EXPOSURE

Often results in colds, fevers, rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred derangements. We do not "catch cold." If we are in good condition. If the liver is active, and the system in consequence doing its duty, we live in full health and enjoy life "rain or shine." To break up a cold there's nothing so valuable as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They keep the whole system regulated in a perfectly natural way. If we do not feel happy, if we worry and grumble, if the weather is bad, if things go awry, it is the liver which is at fault. It is generally "torpid." A common sense way is to take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. We generally eat too much, take insufficient exercise, by means of which our tissues change become indolent and incomplete. Be comfortable; you are comfortable when well. You'll be well when you have taken "Pleasant Pellets."

No constipation follows their use. Put up sealed in glass—always fresh and reliable.

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